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DOWN GOYDEN POT.

AN article appeared in *Chambers's Journal* for October 18, 1886, entitled 'Cave-hunting in Yorkshire,' where reference was made to a series of caverns and subterranean watercourses which honeycomb the limestone hills at the head of Nidderdale, and especially to a curious natural tunnel in which the river Nidd flows for nearly three miles, known as Goyden Pot. No one has ever succeeded in following the stream from where it disappears under Beggarmote Scaur to the point at which it appears again from out of the hillside just under the Vicarage below Lofthouse; at least there is no record of such a feat, though tradition tells of a duck which once made the passage, but with the loss of all its feathers.

Thrice have two of us explored this awesome aqueduct of nature's engineering, but each time with comrades less enthusiastic in cavern-work than ourselves, whose ardour cooled after experiencing the pleasures of scaling rocky points in semi-darkness, and wading deep in rushing water, with numbed feet, against which sharp pebbles roll. And so, when we determined to celebrate the year of Her Majesty's Jubilee by a resolute attempt to penetrate to the farthest possible point in this famous and weird Pot, we decided to do it alone, unhampered by companions of any sort. Therefore did we betake ourselves to the little village of Lofthouse, which stands towards the head of Nidderdale (or Netherdale as old authorities have it), some seven miles above the quaint market town of Pateley Bridge, and there, in its one inn parlour, gird ourselves for our task.

'We' were—the 'Captain,' a stalwart officer in the local rifle corps, a dalesman born and bred—and the 'Skipper,' a roving member of the Royal Canoe Club, who follows his Captain, 'Rob Roy' Macgregor, in a fondness for adventures underground.

'Well! ye be noän pretty, but ye lewks loike wark,' is the greeting of the buxom hostess of the *King's Arms* as we descend into the stone-flagged kitchen, which has just been 'weshed,' and is now

receiving the finishing touches at the hands of an artistic if snub-nosed maiden, who is marking it over with bold flourishes and strange winding devices in red ochre. And we mean work too; and so, having donned rough canvas trousers, blouses, and miners' hats, with candles galore and stout rope, march forth.

Clear of the village, our path runs down to, and crosses a rocky gorge by a footbridge, whose rough parapets are covered with soft velvety moss, and then turns off to the right, through fields skirting a long reach, where the rivulet is sunning itself before diving under the bridge. A lovelier walk than the one before us it would indeed be hard to find. A soft westerly wind whispers in the pine copses which stud the hillside to right, and sends the shadows sailing up the slopes to left, until, like ships reaching the open sea, they disappear westward over the great lone moors, where the heather and the ling shimmer in the heat, and the plaintive plovers call 'pee-whit.' The fresh luscious grass springs at every step, in which the cattle feed knee-deep, lashing their tails amongst the buzzing flies, seeking the shade of the rough limestone walls which divide the meadows, and through which the pathway leads by the narrowest of stiles. And then the glories of the streamlet itself, whose sweet music, never dying, alternately grows softer and then more loud as it chatters over ridges of white pebbles, or slides past a face of rock which dips into its cool depths; whilst now and again the symphony is broken by noisy plunging, as its waters leap in glittering cascades down tiny fern-fringed cliffs, or rush sobbing over mossy shoots into deep pools and foam-flecked reaches. Waterousels dip and twitter, and swallows circle round and round; and suddenly a gorgeous kingfisher darts out, his blue and scarlet plumage gleaming like a tiny rainbow, as we reach Limley, a lonely little farmstead, surrounded by stone walls on three sides, and by the stream, or 'beck' as the local term is, on the fourth. A great barking answers the click of the gate as we enter the foldyard, and a couple of sheep-dogs dash furiously at us.

'Come hoam, wilt'a, Lassie; doon wi' ye, Bob, ye senseless barns!' screams a comely wench, coming to the door; then recognising the Captain, adds: 'Coom in wi' ye; t' maister's sledding t' hay.'

Declining the proffered hospitality, we pass the end of the house and cross the now almost dry bed of the stream by a line of 'hippen-steans,' just below the spot where an iron spring flows in, staining the stones a rusty red. A hundred yards farther we turn a corner, and there, right in front, is a quarry-like cliff, pierced by an arched opening a few feet below the surface of the ground, which falls away like a deep rockbound basin. This is the main entrance to the famous Goyden Pot.

Except in very wet weather, this opening is always dry, for the stream sinks into the hillside at a spot a quarter of a mile higher up the valley, called Manchester Hole. But after heavy rains, the swollen river cannot all get away there, and then it comes down, and leaps as of yore over this basin-lip straight into the Pot, making a pretty fall before it is lost in the dark passage within. When the 'floods are out,' the scene is completely changed, and even this capacious mouth cannot swallow the torrent, which rages and dashes its muddy waters down, filling completely, and often overflowing, its ancient above-ground course; and then, a grim swirling at this cliff-face alone marks where a portion of the Nidd is being sucked into Goyden Pot, to choke its caverns roof-full. A cold air blows steadily up from the dark distance as we enter the cave, and a thin mist clings to its damp sides, where the gleam from the daylight catches it. Boots are replaced by canvas wading-shoes, two candles lighted for service, and the remainder pocketed as reserve store, and then, with a last look at the bright world outside, we commence the descent. A muffled roar fills the wild cavern like a longdrawn groan; and as we clamber onward and hear the noise grow louder, we realise somewhat the old Norse Sagaman's story of the descent of Baldur into the realms of Hela.

For the first couple of hundred yards, the passage is roomy, and the rough boulders present little obstacle to an experienced cave-hunter, and ladies even can without difficulty follow it, until a sudden turn opens into a great chamber, and the path drops abruptly into a seemingly bottomless abyss, in which a stream of water is falling somewhere in unseen space. But we are bent on more than merely gazing into this black vault, so make for a hollow half filled up with rubbish, leading into another passage which winds along to the opposite side of the 'Great Chamber,' and ends in another sheer descent into darkness. Here the rope is fixed to a jutting point, and the Skipper disappears into the black gulf, and is within sight of the bottom, faintly discernible in the flickering light of his waving candle, when his hands, slippery with tallow, suddenly lose hold of the line, and next instant he is embracing, not his mother-earth, but the putrid carcases of two defunct sheep which have lain a long time in this odoriferous corner. Another moment, and the Captain comes down with a run, and a mighty 'Ugh!' as he finds his feet. Together, we scramble up and flee the scene, and with all

speed light up our trusty pipes; and as we puff great clouds of fragrant 'honeydew' into each other's faces, we bless the memory of brave Sir Walter Raleigh, and vow we will eschew (braxy) mutton in the future. At one end of this chamber there is a fine cascade, where the water from Manchester Hole comes leaping down some thirty feet or more; and though the dry weather has lessened its volume, yet we get a good douche-bath as we pass behind it. Foaming its way over the rock-strewn floor, the river crosses the cavern, and then plunges down a long lofty passage. Upon a subsequent visit, a few weeks later, a less perpendicular descent was discovered at the extreme end of this Great Chamber; and 'twa bonnie maidens frae ower the Border' actually accompanied us to the edge of the rushing water. Scrambling gallantly over the rough rocks with tallow-bespattering candles in hand, and fearlessly dropping into black abysses, their ready pluck quite won our hearts, but, alas, woefully damaged their gowns and gear. Stepping into the stream, we follow it down many a swirling run and over rocky steps, wondering to find how warm its waters, knee-deep, are.

A loud shout makes the Skipper turn hastily to where the Captain's stalwart figure is clinging to a glistening rock over which the Nidd leaps in a white curve, whilst he points frantically in the dim light to the pool below. The packet of candles has fallen from his pocket, and six composites are tossing in the rush of waters! Desperately do we grab at three, and save them; but the others elude our eager grasp, and voyage onward, perhaps to float out with the freed river and dance down the Dale; perhaps condemned to slowly dissolve in some sullen deep, or to catch in some ever-dark cranny—but never now, alas, to light us on our way, either in advance or retreat; therefore, it behoves us to husband our remaining stock, for a struggle back up this winding water-fretted channel in pitch darkness would be no joke. It is wonderful what ghostly objects seem to loom out of the gloom as the candle-rays are thrown around, and how fancy makes ghastly corpses of the strangely worn stones which lie about at every bend and turn; gnomish eyes glare fiercely out of deep corners, and sobs and moans seem to fill this weird solitude with painful life; and our own voices rouse unearthly echoes, and sound unnatural in the awful darkness.

But we are too eager to get on to let such uncanny thoughts have play, and bend after bend is turned and left behind. And now the passage widens, but unfortunately grows lower and lower, and in a few moments heads are stooped, and then shoulders. 'It will get higher in a few yards,' foretells the sanguine one; but, alas, like many a Weather-Forecast, the prognostication comes not true, for already we are bent double, and the roof is still descending upon us. It is no good shirking it; if we are to follow the stream farther, we must crawl! So, down we get on to all-fours, or rather all-threes, for one hand is wanted to hold the candle, and splash on for ten yards, and then the Skipper sinks level with the stream, and turning on his side, wriggles ahead; the Captain following suit, lets his light dip under water, necessitating a halt and a backward wriggling until the leader's candle can be reached over his shoulder.

Progress is now very slow, for we are constantly getting wedged fast between the roof and the floor; but we push on somehow, crawling along in the very stream itself, with the water running merrily over us, and constantly putting out our lights in turn with a mischievous splash. Twenty yards more of this amphibious advance, and we stop.

We are really beaten at last, and cannot get a foot farther, for the roof and the water meet, where a big gravel-bed chokes up the whole passage, into which the stream sinks; for a very thin sheet of it only can find its way over the bank. It is certainly very disappointing to be thus stopped; but we have at least proved that much spade-work is necessary before any human being can pass this block, and we have got to the farthest point we possibly can at present in Goyden Pot. So we toast our Sovereign Lady Victoria in whiskied water, and there lying picturesquely in mid-stream, we lift up our voices and sing *God save the Queen*.

The retreat is decidedly more uncomfortable than the advance, for, crawling up stream, the water meets our resisting, pushing bodies, and foams gleefully over shoulders and down necks. At last we reach higher regions. The luxury of standing upright again is something indescribable, and quite unrealisable by those who have never spent an hour imitating the movements of a serpent or an eel. We are to have some reward for our venture after all, for in passing a rocky cliff, we espy a ledge, and beyond, a black band, which betokens another passage; and scrambling up some twelve feet, we find a low opening, nearly filled with soft mud. Sliding over it, we are in a winding cavern which turns away to the southward, gradually rising foot by foot. Following this for some distance, we catch the sound of trickling water, and come suddenly into a most curious place. To the right, the cavern rises; and clambering over a great heap of branches, stones, and flood-debris, we are at the bottom of an almost circular shaft, which goes sheer up like a huge chimney, and down whose sides water is running and sparkling in the feeble rays from our candles. This is evidently a capacious rain-spout, where, in wet weather, the water plunges from the upper ground; and though no glimmer of daylight is visible, yet it shows unmistakably that 'swallow' and 'pot' holes are formed by the surface of the land above falling in. At the bottom, this shoot turns like a corkscrew through an archway, and our lights are reflected under it, like two stars, in a black-looking pool some distance below us. Slipping down over a slimy slant of rock, we see a cavern, lofty but narrow, without any floor but the water. An old rail-post, washed hither by some flood, is lying against the little cape on which we are perched; and by its aid the depth is found to be a yard at the edge, so down into the pool the Skipper drops. 'O Jupiter, it's cold!' Unlike the main stream, warmed by days of hot sun before it leapt into Goyden, this water must have been here long months, for a moment's examination shows that there is no current, and that in fact this is a small subterranean lake. Wading on waist-deep, a point of wall is reached; and beyond, the cavern opens out, and hangs, a

great vaulted dome, over the turgid pool, which suddenly deepens till the rail will not bottom.

Are we to swim across or not? is the question earnestly debated, and finally negatived, not by ourselves, but by want of candles. We have only one spare one—just enough to ensure our return to the outer world—and no matches (the water-crawl having effectually spoilt our supply), with which to relight, if by chance we should dip our lights under when swimming. So we scramble up out of the frigid bath, and ruefully take a last look at the mysterious pond. In all probability, this is one of many chambers of Goyden Pot, and its only outlet is the passage we went up. In floods it fills, and then the waters rise, and overflowing, rush down the passage to join the main stream in the Pot; whilst, when the season is dry, there is only a deep pool in the hollow. Of course, it is possible that there is an outlet at the farther end, like the opening we entered it by, though the utter absence of any current seems to render this improbable. But this point will be thoroughly investigated in our next venture.

Once more in the Great Chamber, we explore it carefully, in hopes of finding some way up to a tunnel which comes into it on the north side, a yard from the roof; but our search is fruitless; so, resolving to bring a light ladder some future day—though how to get it down the winding passage will be a puzzle—we make for the rope, which hangs like a white streak against the black rocks, and hand over hand go up, and stand once more at the end of the gallery, and leaving a candle-end burning at the place of descent, steer for the upper main cavern. For some moments we cannot find the way out, so filled up with gravel is it; and we begin to half fancy we must have made a mistake and taken the wrong turn; but a second careful search shows the opening, and we speedily scramble through, and then turn down for the head of the cascade.

Here we find a new state of affairs, for, instead of boldly springing over the edge of the precipice, the water has forced its way through the floor, leaving a bank across the line of its old leap. On examination, this is found to consist of shingle, held in position by a great tree, which some flood has carried down and wedged like a dam across the channel, to catch and hold everything which the stream washes against it; and the water itself, headed back by it, has made a way down a fissure in the limestone.

The sun is sinking in a purple sea of cloud as we come out into daylight, and the scent of new-mown hay is wafted on the rising breeze as we climb the bank of the dry channel and set out in the hazy evening, homeward-bound.

Thus a fourth attempt to get through Goyden has failed, and the question we now discuss is, can it ever be done? The results of this last venture are, it must be owned, rather discouraging. Evidently there is a large deposit of gravel spread over a considerable distance, which every 'fresh' adds to; and when we come to think that no flood-debris of any moment is washed out at the lower openings below Lofthouse, and that there are no bars or shingle-beds formed near these outlets, we are led to fear that for a long length somewhere the subterranean passage is

pretty effectually blocked. Perhaps it is even silting up; and a succession of heavy floods may in coming years so choke the channel that the Nidd, instead of diving out of sight for nearly three miles, will once more roll its brown waters along its ancient bed in the open day between ash-fringed banks and limestone scaurs. Be this as it may, it will take more than another exploration to satisfy us that the passage of Goyden Pot is impracticable; and until the new-found subterranean lakelet is proved to have no second outlet, we still cherish the hope of being able to follow the river Nidd throughout its three miles of hidden passage.

THIS MORTAL COIL.

BY GRANT ALLEN, AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADES,' ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—EVENTS MARCH.

'PAPA is still in Scotland,' Winifred wrote to Hugh, 'slaying many grouse; and mamma and I have the place all to ourselves now, so we're really having a lovely time, enjoying our holiday immensely (though you're not here), taking down everything, and washing and polishing, and re-arranging things again, and playing havoc with the household gods generally. We expect papa back on Friday. His birds have preceded him. I do hope he remembered to send you a brace or two. I gave him your town address before he left, with very special directions to let you have some; but, you know, men always forget everything. As soon as he comes home, he'll make us take our alterations all down again, which will be a horrid nuisance, for the drawing-room *does* look so perfectly lovely. We've done it up exactly as you recommended, with the sage green plush for the old mantel-piece, and a red Japanese table in the dark corner; and I really think, now I see the effect, your taste's simply exquisite. But then, you know, what else can you expect from a distinguished poet! You always do everything beautifully—and I think you're a darling.'

At any other time this naïve girlish appreciation of his decorative talents would have pleased and flattered Hugh's susceptible soul; for, being a man, he was of course vain; and he loved a pretty girl's approbation dearly. But just at that moment he had no stomach for praise, even though it came from Sir Hubert Stanley; and whatever faint rising flush of pleasure he might possibly have felt at his little fiancée's ecstatic admiration was all crushed down again into the gall of bitterness by the sickening refrain of her repeated postscripts: 'No further news yet from poor Elsie.—Has she written to you? I shall be simply frantic if I don't hear from her soon. She can never mean to leave us all in doubt like this. I'm going to advertise to-morrow in the London papers. If only she knew the state of mind she was plunging me into, I'm sure she'd write and relieve my suspense, which is just agonising.—A kiss from your little one: in the corner here. Be sure you kiss it where I've put the cross. Good-night, darling Hugh.—Yours ever, WINIFRED.'

Hugh flung the letter down on the floor of his chambers in an agony of horror. Was his crime to pursue him thus through a whole lifetime? Was he always to hear surmises, conjectures, speculations, doubts as to what on earth had

become of Elsie? Was he never to be free for a single second from the shadow of that awful pursuing episode? Was Winifred, when she became his wedded wife, to torture and rack him for years together with questions and hesitations about the poor dead child who lay, as he firmly and unreservedly believed, in her nameless grave by the lighthouse at Orfordness?—There was only one possible way out of it—a way that Hugh shrank from almost as much as he shrank from the terror and shame of exposure. It was ghastly: it was gruesome: it was past endurance; but it was the one solitary way of safety. He must write a letter from time to time, in Elsie's handwriting, addressed to Winifred, giving a fictitious account of Elsie's doings in an imaginary home, away over somewhere in America or the antipodes. He must invent a new life and a new life-history, under the Southern Cross, for poor dead Elsie: he must keep her alive like a character in a novel, and spin her fresh surroundings from his own brain, in some little-known and inaccessible quarter of the universe.

But then, what a slavery, what a drudgery, what a perpetual torture! His soul shrank from the hideous continued deceit. To have perpetrated that one old fatal forgery, in the first fresh flush of terror and remorse, was not perhaps quite so wicked, quite so horrible, quite so soul-destroying as this new departure. He had then at least the poor lame excuse of a pressing emergency; and it was once only. But to live a life of consistent lying—to go on fathering a perennial fraud—to forge pretended letters from mail to mail—to invent a long tissue of successful falsehoods—and that about a matter that lay nearest and dearest to his own wounded and remorseful heart—all this was utterly and wholly repugnant to Hugh Massinger's underlying nature. Set aside the wickedness and baseness of it all, the poet was a proud and sensitive man; and lying on such an extended scale was abhorrent to his soul from its mere ignominy and æsthetic repulsiveness. He liked the truth: he admired the open, frank, straightforward way. Tortuous cunning and mean subterfuges roused his profoundest contempt and loathing—when he saw them in others. Up till now, he had enjoyed his own unquestioning self-respect. Vain and shallow and unscrupulous as he was, he had hitherto basked serenely in the sunshine of his own personal approbation. He had done nothing till lately that sinned against his private and peculiar code of morals, such as it was. His proposal to Winifred had, for the first time, opened the sluices of the great unknown within him, and fathomless depths of deceit and crime were welling up now and crowding in upon him to drown and obliterate whatever spark or scintillation of conscience had ever been his. It was a hateful sight. He shrank himself from the effort to realise it.

And Warren Relf knew all! That in itself was bad enough. But if he also invented a continuous lie to palm off upon Winifred and her unsuspecting people, then Warren Relf at least would know it constantly for what it was, and despise him for it even more profoundly than he despised him at present. All that was horrible—horrible—horrible. Yet there was one person whose opinion mattered to him far more than even Warren Relf's—one person who would hate and despise with a deadly hatred and an utter scorn

the horrid perfidy of his proposed line of conduct. That person was one with whom he ate and drank familiarly every day, with whom he conversed unreservedly night and morning, with whom he lived and moved and had his being. He could never escape or deceive or outwit Hugh Massinger. *Patriæ quis exsul se quoque fugit?* Hugh Massinger would dog him, and follow his footsteps wherever he went, with his unfeigned contempt for so dirty and despicable a course of action. It was vile, it was loathsome, it was mean, it was horrible in its ghastly charnel-house falseness and foulness; and Hugh Massinger knew it perfectly. If he yielded to this last and lowest temptation of Satan, he might walk about henceforth with his outer man a whited sepulchre, but within, he would be full of dead men's bones and vile imaginings of impossible evil.

Thinking which things definitely to himself, in his own tormented and horrified soul, he—sat down and wrote another forged letter.

It was a hasty note, written as if in the hurry and bustle of departure, on the very eve of a long journey, and it told Winifred, in rapid general terms, that Elsie was just on her way to the Continent, *en route* for Australia—no matter where. She would join her steamer (no line mentioned) under an assumed name, perhaps at Marseilles, perhaps at Genoa, perhaps at Naples, perhaps at Brindisi. Useless to dream of tracking or identifying her. She was going away from England *for ever and ever*—this last underlined in feminine fashion—and it would be quite hopeless for Winifred to cherish the vain idea of seeing her again in this world of misfortunes. Some day, perhaps, her conduct would be explained and vindicated; for the present, it must suffice that letters sent to her at the address as before—the porter's of the Cheyne Row Club, though Hugh did not specifically mention that fact—would finally reach her by private arrangement. Would Winifred accept the accompanying ring, and wear it always on her own finger, as a parting gift from her affectionate and misunderstood friend,

ELSIE?

The ring was one from the little jewel-case he had stolen that fatal night from Elsie's bedroom. Profoundly as he hated and loathed himself for his deception, he couldn't help stopping half-way through to admire his own devilry of cleverness in sending that ring back now to Winifred. Nothing could be so calculated to disarm suspicion. Who could doubt that Elsie was indeed alive, when Elsie not only wrote letters to her friends, but sent with them the very jewelry from her own fingers as a visible pledge and token of her identity?—Besides, he really wanted Winifred to wear it; he wished her to have something that once was Elsie's. He would like the woman he was now deceiving to be linked by some visible bond of memory to the woman he had deceived and lured to her destruction.

He kissed the ring, a hot burning kiss, and wrapped it reverently and tenderly in cotton-wool. That done, he gummed and stamped the letter with a resolute air, crushed his hat firmly down on his head, and strode out with feverishly long strides from his rooms in Jermyn Street to the doubtful hospitality of the Cheyne Row.

Would Warren Relf be there again, he wondered? Was that man to poison half London

for him in future?—Why on earth, knowing the whole truth about Elsie—knowing that Elsie was dead and buried at Orfordness—did the fellow mean to hold his vile tongue and allow him, Hugh Massinger, to put about this elaborate fiction unchecked, of her sudden and causeless disappearance? Inexplicable quite! The thing was a mystery; and Hugh Massinger hated mysteries. He could never know now at what unexpected moment Warren Relf might swoop down upon him from behind with a dash and a crash and an explosive exposure.—He was working in the dark, like navvies in a tunnel.—Surely the crash must come some day! The roof must collapse and crush him utterly. It was ghastly to wait in long blind expectation of it.

The forged letter still remained in his pocket unposted. He passed a couple of pillar-boxes, but could not nerve himself up to drop it in. Some grain of grace within him was fighting hard even now for the mastery of his soul. He shrank from committing himself irrevocably by a single act to that despicable life of ingrained deception.

In the smoking-room at the club he found nobody, for it was still early. He took up the *Times*, which he had not yet had time to consult that morning. In the Agony Column, a familiar conjunction of names attracted his eye as it moved down the outer sheet. They were the two names never out of his thoughts for a moment for the last fortnight. 'ELSIE' the advertisement ran in clear black type, 'Do write to me. I can stand this fearful suspense no longer. Only a few lines to say you are well. I am so frightened. Ever yours, WINIFRED.'

He laid the paper down with a sudden resolve, and striding across the room gloomily to the letter-box on the mantel-piece, took the fateful envelope from his pocket at last, and held it dubious, between finger and thumb, dangling loose over the slit in the lid. Heaven and hell still battled fiercely for the upper hand within him. Should he drop it in boldly, or should he not? To be or not to be—a liar for life?—that was the question. The envelope trembled between his finger and thumb. The slit in the box yawned hungry below. His grasp was lax. The letter hung by a corner only. Nor was his impulse, even, so wholly bad: pity for Winifred urged him on; remorse and horror held him back feebly. He knew not in his own soul how to act; he knew he was weak and wicked only.

As he paused and hesitated, unable to decide for good or evil—a noise at the door made him start and waver.—Somebody coming! Perhaps Warren Relf.—That address on the envelope.—'Miss Meysey, The Hall, Whitestrand, Suffolk.'—If Relf saw it, he would know it was—well—an imitation of Elsie's handwriting. She had sent a note to Relf on the morning of the sandhills picnic. If any one else saw it, they would see at least it was a letter to his fiancée—and they would chaff him accordingly with chaff that he hated, or perhaps they would only smile a superior smile of fatuous recognition and smirking amusement. He could stand neither—above all, not Relf.—His fingers relaxed upon the cover of the envelope.—Half unconsciously, half unwillingly,

he loosened his hold.—Plop! it fell through that yawning abyss, three inches down, but as deep as perdition itself.—The die was cast! A liar for a lifetime!

He turned round, and Hatherley the journalist stood smiling good-morning by the open doorway. Hugh Massinger tried his hardest to look as if nothing out of the common had happened in any way. He nodded to Hatherley, and buried his face once more in the pages of the *Times*. 'The Drought in Wales'—'The Bulgarian Difficulty'—'Painful Disturbances on the West Coast of Africa'—Pah! What nonsense! What commonplace of opinion! It made his gorge rise with disgust to look at them. Wales and Bulgaria and the West Coast of Africa, when Elsie was dead! dead and unnoticed!

A boy in buttons brought in a telegram—Central News Agency—and fixed it by the corners with brass-headed pins in a vacant space on the accustomed notice-board. Hatherley, laying down his copy of *Punch*, strolled lazily over to the board to examine it. 'Meysey! Meysey!' he repeated musingly.—'Why, Massinger, that must be one of your Whitestrand Meyseys. Precious uncommon name. There can't be many of them.'

Hugh rose and glanced at the new telegram unconcernedly. It couldn't have much to do with himself! But its terms brought the blood with a hasty rush into his pale cheek again: '*Serious Accident on the Scotch Moors*.—Aberdeen, Thursday. As Sir Malcolm Farquharson's party were shooting over the Glenbeg estate yesterday, near Kincardine-O'Neil, a rifle held by Mr Wyville Meysey burst suddenly, wounding the unfortunate gentleman in the face and neck, and lodging a splinter of jagged metal in his left temple. He was conveyed at once from the spot in an insensible state to Invertanar Castle, where he now lies in a most precarious condition. His wife and daughter were immediately telegraphed for.'

'INVERTANAR: 10.40 A.M. Mr Wyville Meysey, a guest of Sir Malcolm Farquharson's at Invertanar Castle, wounded yesterday by the bursting of his rifle on the Glenbeg moors, expired this morning very suddenly at 9.20. The unfortunate gentleman did not recover consciousness for a single moment after the fatal accident.'

A shudder of horror ran through Hugh's frame as he realised the meaning of that curt announcement. Not for the mishap; not for Mrs Meysey; not for Winifred: oh, dear no; but for his own possible or probable disfigurement.—His first thought was a characteristic one. Mr Meysey had died unexpectedly. There might or there might not be a will forthcoming. Guardians might or might not be appointed for his infant daughter. The estate might or might not go to Winifred. He might or he might not now be permitted to marry her.—If she happened to be left a ward in Chancery, for example, it would be a hopeless business: his chance would be ruined. The court would never consent to accept him as Winifred's husband. And then—and then it would be all up with him.

It was bad enough to have sold his own soul for a mess of pottage—for a few hundred acres of miserable salt marsh, encroached upon by the sea with rapid strides, and half covered with shifting, drifting sandhills. It was bad enough

to have sacrificed Elsie—dear, tender, delicate, loving-hearted Elsie, his own beautiful, sacred, dead Elsie—to that wretched, sordid, ineffective avarice, that fractional worship of a silver-gilt Mammon. He had regretted all that in sack-cloth and ashes for one whole endless hopeless fortnight or more, already.—But to have sold his own soul and to have sacrificed Elsie for the privilege of being rejected by Winifred's guardian—for the chance of being publicly and ignominiously jilted by the Court of Chancery—for the opportunity of becoming a common laughing-stock to the quidnuncs of Cheyne Row and the five o'clock tea-tables of half feminine London—that was indeed a depth of possible degradation from which his heart shrank with infinite throes of self-commiserating reluctance. He could sell his own soul for very little, and despise himself well for the squalid ignoble bargain; but to sell his own soul for absolutely nothing, with a dose of well-deserved ridicule thrown in gratis, and no Elsie to console him for his bitter loss, was more than even Hugh Massinger's sense of mean self-abnegation could easily swallow.

He flung himself back unmannered, in the big leather-covered armchair, and let the abject misery of his own thoughts overcome him visibly in his rueful countenance.

'I never imagined,' said Hatherley afterwards to his friends the Relfs, 'that Massinger could possibly have felt anything so much as he seemed to feel the sudden death of his prospective father-in-law, when he read that telegram. It really made me think better of the fellow.'

CURIOSITIES OF NOMENCLATURE.

THE origin of names is a subject which has in this age of research received its full share of investigation. Some writers and antiquaries have made Christian names their theme, and have pointed out the derivations and meanings of those male and female designations which are in common use among European nations. Others, again, have treated of surnames, showing the rise of the employment of such family designations, and the various influences displayed in their choice—influences which we may find even now in full force among the less civilised inhabitants of the world. Most common among these primitive fashions of nomenclature are, we learn, three classes of names: the first being adaptations of the names of places; the second embracing the numerous names ending in 'son,' and those with the Scotch and Irish prefixes of 'Mac' and 'O,' patronymics; the third, descriptive either of the personal characteristics or the surrounding circumstances of the bearers. Our list has no claim to be exhaustive of these phenomena, including nicknames, of which examples are by no means uncommon; but the very mention of this word nickname conjures up before our mental vision such an array of rulers and other public personages, whose personal appearance, whose characters or circumstances have suggested to some imaginative mind an appellation which has clung to their names ever since, that we must impose a restriction on our category, and only admit such designations as have replaced the original name, rather than

been added to it as a further means of identification.

The bearers of these appellations belong to divers ages, and come to us from widely varying countries and nations, though it is remarkable that the sober English mind lends itself but seldom to such trivialities. On the other hand, as might be supposed by any one who has the slightest acquaintance with the character of her light-hearted and impetuous people, Italy, both ancient and modern, supplies perhaps the largest contingent. The annals of the Roman Empire afford three notable examples. We should hardly recognise by his real name of Caius Caesar the infamous Emperor Caligula; and yet that designation was in his own day only a nickname, derived from the *caligæ* or sandals of the common soldiers, which the young son of Germanicus had worn during his childhood in his father's camp. Hardly more familiar to us is either his real name of Bassianus, or the title of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, assumed with the purple by Caracalla. In spite of his aversion to the appellation, which we are told he regarded as an insult, this equally ignoble emperor remains known to us by the name of another article of dress, the Gaulish cloak (*caracalla*), which he was fond of wearing, and introduced into the army. The occupation of another imperial ruler prior to his elevation to the throne as a priest of the Phœnician sun-god (*Elagabalus*) in his native city of Emesa gives him the name of Heliogabalus. That he should retain an earnest devotion to the god whose minister he had been, and to whose favour he would ascribe his advancement, is not surprising; but we can picture to ourselves something of the disgust with which a cultured Roman would pronounce the nickname, when we learn that he publicly appeared in the attire of a Syrian priest, dancing wild measures and singing barbaric hymns, and that he decreed that his outlandish idol, to whom he was even suspected of sacrificing human victims, should supersede the time-honoured Jupiter, Mars, and so forth, and be the only celestial power worshipped in Rome.

Of other rulers, the famous Charlemagne may put in a claim to be admitted into our category, for, although the artificial part of his name is merely equivalent to 'the great,' an epithet which the flattery of courtiers has not failed to apply to many a sovereign, it has become so incorporated in his name as to be almost inseparable from it. In later days, another French king was so universally known as Philip Augustus, that the title of Philip II. would hardly establish his identity. The addition of *Augustus* was, however, only a nickname due to the month of his birth. The monk's hood (*capet*) which distinguished Hugues Capet before he ascended the throne, gave a designation not only to an individual but to a dynasty; even as the floral badge of their ancestors, the broom, or *Planta genista*, distinguished in English history a long line of kings.

The names of certain celebrated Christian teachers also fall within the scope of our investigation. One of the greatest of the Fathers of the Church, John of Antioch, is known to us by the epithet of Chrysostom (signifying in Greek golden-mouth), in allusion to his eloquence. It is recorded that his sermon on one occasion produced so much enthusiasm, and so carried

away his audience, that, regardless of the incongruity of time and place, they burst out into expressions of applause. A peculiar practice, affected especially by scholars and divines, became common in the age of the revival of learning—namely, that of substituting for the real name the Greek or Latin synonym. For example, in accordance with this pedantic custom, the son of a Dutchman of the name of Gerhard (signifying amiable) comes to be known to us by its equivalent in both the dead languages as Desiderius Erasmus. Two other theologians of the Renaissance, who came over to England in 1548 to assist in the translation of the Scriptures, are similarly distinguished by translations of their patronymics. Kuhorn was easily rendered (by the two Greek words which signify respectively 'cow' and 'horn') into Bucer; while the German Buchlein (beech-tree) found the equivalent of his name in the Latin Fagius. Even where the name did not lend itself to translation, it was customary to give to us as far as possible a classical sound and to add a Latin termination. By this means it happens that one of the names best known to the student of divinity is preserved to us in its form of Calvin, and many would hardly recognise the bearer by his real patronymic, Chauvin.

We may now pass, disregarding of the ties of chronology, to some instances of epithets applied to certain individuals in Roman history by reason of some special quality or achievement. Two instances of inherited fame first present themselves. Britannicus, the unfortunate victim of Nero's hatred, was so called from the victories which his father, the Emperor Claudius, claimed to have gained in our island. The designation of Germanicus also came by inheritance to its bearer by reason of the conquest of the German tribes by his father, Nero Claudius Drusus; but in this instance the son gained an independent title to it by his military achievements. Another distinguished Roman name, that of Cato, reflects credit on its first bearer, Marcus Porcius, the Censor, as testifying to that practical wisdom which is the result of natural sagacity combined with experience. The qualities implied by this word *cato* received further acknowledgment in the epithet of Sapiens (the Wise) by which, according to Cicero, the same individual was so frequently distinguished that it became almost his cognomen. Legends, too well known to require recapitulation, recur to the memory at the very mention of the first Scævola (from the Latin *scævus*, left-handed), whose right hand had been sacrificed in defiance of his country's foe; and of the original Brutus (irrational), who was obliged to simulate idiocy to escape the death which Tarquin the Proud had already visited on his father and elder brother. Personal valour at the siege of the Volscian city of *Corioli* obtained for Caius Martius, then a common soldier, the title of Coriolanus.

The lapse of centuries divides these characters in Roman history from three national heroes whom we may class together, although in character they have but little in common. George Castriotes, the champion of Eastern Europe in the fifteenth century against the power of the Sultan, derives his name of Scanderbeg from an incident of his youth. He was the son of the Prince of Epirus, and having been delivered when a boy as hostage to the Turkish Sultan, Murad II.,

he had been brought up as a Moslem. At the age of eighteen, the Sultan's attention was attracted to him by his noble appearance and his skill in feats of arms, and he was advanced to the rank of *Sandjak-bag*, with the command of five thousand horse. In this capacity he so distinguished himself, that the title in corrupt form clung to him ever afterwards, even after he had forsaken Islam and taken up arms against the Porte. A less noble hero, the half-mad leader of the Neapolitan revolt of 1647, is distinguished as Masaniello, a contraction of his real name, Tommaso Aniello. No Scottish reader need be reminded of the celebrated Robert Macgregor, whose sobriquet of Rob Roy (Robert the Red) reminds us of the nickname of Rufus (the Red) which clings to a king of England, and the Barbarossa (Red Beard) which distinguished a German emperor.

Perhaps no class of men have been so frequently known by their nicknames—for in their case the designations deserve no better name—as the disciples of art, especially the Italian painters. It may be that the bohemianism of the craft, its unconventionality and freedom from ceremony, lends itself especially to this practice. Certain it is that many of those who know something of the names at any rate by which celebrated artists are usually known, would find their powers of recognition taxed to the utmost were they to see a catalogue of some famous gallery, the Louvre, for example, where the painters are all designated by their real names, and where, instead of the familiar Raphael and Titian, they must look for Santi and Vecelli, and in place of Perugino and Correggio, they find Vanucci and Allegri. These may serve as specimens of two easily multiplied classes of designations; the one, to which we might add Michael Angelo and many another of lesser repute, showing the exclusive use of the Christian name long after surnames had become customary; the other, including names no less famous than Da Vinci and Veronese besides a minor host, instances of local appellations. Claude Lorraine the great landscape painter may be taken as an example of one of the many artists who combine these two somewhat commonplace sources of unconventional nomenclature. Others inherit their names in a manner somewhat different from what is usual. Thus, three names high in artistic fame reveal to us the profession of the fathers of their most celebrated bearers. The brothers Pollaiuolo, workers in metal as well as painters, were, it is generally asserted, so called from their father's profession of 'poulterer,' which the word signifies. In view of this circumstance, perhaps, we may imagine that familiarity with the victims displayed in the paternal shop had something to do with the excellence of the quail modelled by Antonio on the bronze gate of the Florentine Baptistery, of which Vasari says, 'it wants nothing of life but to fly.' Another family trade, which would seem to promise equally little in regard to art, gave to Andrea Vanucchi, whose perfect execution gained for him in his own day the title of 'the faultless,' the appellation of del Sarto (of the tailor). Tintoretto, again, is the diminutive applied in childhood to the son of Robusti, a Venetian dyer (*tintore*). The names of others point not to their natural but to their artistic parent, and it is remarkable that in three cases at least the masters are chiefly known to us

through the assumption of their names in gratitude to their memory by their more eminent pupils. We refer to Francia, Botticelli, and del Vaga. The name of one painter, Ghirlandajo, is said to point to his former occupation as a goldsmith, and to his supposed invention of the silver ornaments in form of a wreath (*ghirlanda*) which became the fashion with the ladies of Tuscany. Sebastian del Piombo derived that title from his office of keeper of the leaden (*piombo*) seal of the papal chancery—a mere sinecure, to qualify for which he was obliged to take orders. A peculiarity of his art—namely, the frequent introduction of birds and other animals—gained for Paolo Doni the nickname of Uccelli (birds).

Individual characteristics give the clue to other appellations. Verocchio, the master who gave up painting when his pupil, the great Leonardo, excelled him on his own canvas in softness and brilliancy of colouring, had gained that name by the true eye (*ver-occhio*), which served him in good stead in his subsequent occupation of sculpture. It is amusing to find another nickname which may well be quoted here in contradistinction to the above, Guercino, whose squint (*guercio*), if it gave him his name, does not appear to have affected his artistic powers. We can find no record of the swarthy complexion which we should suppose to be implied by the title of Il Moretto (the Moor), by which a famous portrait-painter was distinguished. The small stature of Bernardino Betti gained for him the sobriquet of Pinturicchio (the little painter). Two men celebrated by their Christian names with an ending expressive in the one case of contempt, in the other of admiration, may next be cited. In Ghiberti's studio there was a boy who had so abstracted an air, was so utterly indifferent to the usual pursuits and sports of boyhood, and so negligent in dress and uncouth in manners, that his fellow-students called him Masaccio (Tommasaccio), dirty or slovenly Tom. By this ignoble nickname is one known who gave a new impulse to art. On the other hand, Giorgione (*giorgio-ne*), the great Venetian colourist, was distinguished even in boyhood by his tall noble figure and dignity of deportment, which gained for him from his playmates the suffix which renders his name equivalent to George the Great. But the greatest tribute of praise is found in the title of Fra Angelico, or Il beato Angelico, conferred on Brother Giovanni of the Florentine monastery of St Mark. We are told of the spirit in which he approached his work—how he ever knelt in prayer before taking up his brush; and in the record of his blameless life, no less than in the inspired beauty of his conceptions of the host of heaven, we find sufficient reason for the name by which he is known to fame.

We pass now to the last phase of our inquiry—the names by which some of the heroes of literature are distinguished. Here, again, the Italian nation leads the way. Their greatest poet, he 'who dreams and sees' for all nations and for all time, is known to us chiefly by his Christian name, and not even by that in its correct form of Durante, but abbreviated to Dante. An instance of change of name occurs to us in the case of another Italian writer, Metastasio, who was taken from the streets, educated and adopted by the learned lawyer Gravina. At his instance, the

boy changed his original name of Trapassi to that under which he appears before the world, Metastasio having in Greek the same meaning of 'transmutation.' One more Italian writer we may mention, the satirist whose venomous tongue and small respect of persons gained for him the title of the 'Scourge of Princes.' The name by which he is known as Pietro Aretino is derived from his birthplace, *Arezzo*. This mode of designation was, as we have seen, so common, that this instance would hardly deserve notice were it not from the significant fact that, on account of a satirical sonnet against indulgences, he was banished at an early age from his native city, and never again saw the place by the name of which he has been distinguished for more than three centuries.

The history of French literature acquaints us with the curious fact, that two of her greatest votaries are known by voluntarily assumed *noms de plume*. Not only are these the disguises under which they wrote, but they have in a degree unprecedented in comparatively modern times, superseded their real names. We may indeed doubt if the authors so well known as Voltaire and Molière would obtain universal recognition under their real names of Arouet and Poquelin. It has been suggested that Voltaire is an anagram of Arouet l. j. (*le jeun*); but we are not aware that any reason but an arbitrary choice has been adduced for the assumed title of the great comedian, who thus set an example now followed by the majority of those who make the stage their profession. In a comment on the names of these eminent Frenchmen, contained in the valuable series of 'Foreign Classics,' the author of the volume on Voltaire classes with them the essay-writer Montesquieu, whose name, he says, was *De Secondat*. We cannot, however, but think that the parallel is unwarranted, for the title of Baron de Montesquieu devolved upon the essayist from his uncle.

Thus such assumed names have but slight claim to be placed among those personages whom we have endeavoured to commemorate, personages of different nationality and different date, who have but little in common save the peculiarity that their names have been merged, either intentionally on their part, or by the will of their contemporaries, into variously derived and universally applied designations.

MISS BARKLE'S LEGACY.

BY EDWARD D. CUMING.

CHAPTER I.—A SURPRISE.

'If Selina Mary Barkle, only daughter of the late James Fransworth Barkle, of the Honourable East India Company's service, will communicate with Messrs Lambton and Warder, solicitors, 10 Holborn Lane, London, E.C., she will hear of something to her advantage.'

If any observant individual had chanced to be on the beach at the quaint little seaside town of Midport on the morning when the above advertisement appeared in the *Standard*, he might have witnessed the effect it produced on a lady who was seated on a low rock reading that newspaper under the shade of a very small parasol. The

lady, whose somewhat girlish dress made her seem younger than she really was, had as usual begun with the 'marriages,' and was absorbed in the mystic contents of the Agony Column, when she snatched at the paper with both hands and sprang up ejaculating 'Gracious me!' This she did with a degree of consternation quite comprehensible in view of the fact that she herself was no other than the Selina Mary Barkle therein referred to. She stood transfixed with astonishment, and held the newspaper firmly whilst she read the advertisement again. There could be no possible doubt that she was the person wanted; her father's name in full, along with her own, placed that beyond question. But what could Messrs Lambton and Warder want her address for? was her very natural reflection. What could they have heard to her advantage? She had not a relative alive in the world, that she knew of, and her worldly concerns were small enough to be retained in her own hands. Her father had departed this life some five years before our story opens, leaving her a sum sufficient to purchase an annuity of three hundred pounds a year; and on this income Miss Barkle led a quiet, retired existence, in a cottage on the outskirts of Midport, attended by a middle-aged couple, who took care of the house and garden.

She was a good-looking and amiable spinster of seven-and-thirty, whose charms, in spite of her youthful deportment, might without any breach of charity have been regarded as beginning to fade. Time had been when Selina Barkle's presence made men's hearts beat faster than was their wont; when her meaningless words were valued beyond their worth; when her eyes gave birth to hopes she fostered only for her lips to destroy; when, caring for none, she dallied with all, until her day of heedless conquest waned, and little more than its memory was now left to her. Her best friends could not call her an extremely wise person, and her enemies described her as a silly vain creature who did not know her own mind. She had not many foes, however, for she was a kindly, well-meaning woman, devoid of malice, whose chief failing lay in her unshaken belief that, as of yore, she had but to beckon, for men to come and worship. But here in Midport, men were few and far between, and hence opportunities of exercising whatever powers of fascination were left to her were correspondingly rare.

Miss Barkle recovered from her surprise, and folding up the now precious *Standard*, turned in the direction of her house. She would write to the address given by the next post; and whilst sensible that a mere letter would not procure the 'advantages' mentioned, she comforted herself with the thought that the solicitors who inserted the advertisement would tell her what to do. She was speculating with feverish curiosity on the nature of the news in store, when she reached the gate of the cottage garden, at which she found her bosom-friend and confidante, Miss Annie Carston, awaiting her.

'What's happened, Lina?' asked the young lady in a high clear voice. 'You look awfully serious.'

Miss Barkle took her friend's arm and walked her into the little drawing-room with an air of importance which her silence served to emphasise.

She closed the door carefully, handed the paper to Miss Carston, and looked on in triumph while her friend read and re-read the suggestive advertisement.

'You see, my dear, there's no mistaking the fact that I'm the person alluded to,' said Miss Barkle, relieved in being able to disburden her mind; 'and I'm going to write this minute asking what they mean and what I ought to do about it.'

Miss Carston, who was a trim, dark-haired little person, with a pretty animated face, said nothing. She was her friend's chief adviser on small matters; but this, she felt, was quite beyond her province. In so weighty an affair she could not help; and she watched Miss Barkle's preparations in silence until an idea occurred to her. 'Perhaps Mr Brawn might be able to advise you,' she said rather timidly.

'Why Mr Brawn, of all the lawyers in England, Annie?' responded Miss Barkle without looking up.

'Oh, I only thought because he lives here and you know him,' said Miss Carston a little incoherently, turning to look out of the window.

Miss Barkle went on with her letter and made no answer. She knew Mr Brawn; no one knew him better, she often said to herself, for that young solicitor was very fond of dropping in to tea of an afternoon at the cottage, and Miss Barkle was equally fond of seeing him there. The Midport gossips said that the lively man of law would go there once too often if he did not have a care, in spite of the lady's seniority; but the gentleman accepted their warnings in good part, and told his advisers that he could look after himself. It might have been mere coincidence, but was none the less true that Miss Annie Carston seldom failed to be present at the cottage during Mr Brawn's visits, and that he, as often as they met there, escorted her home to her step-mother's house, a quarter of a mile out of his own way. This was a proceeding, however, that gave Miss Barkle little uneasiness, as she could not think he 'saw anything' in such a girl as Annie, who was little more than nineteen, and childish for her age. She had indeed a very tender place for Mr Brawn in her own virgin heart, and really cherished the idea that 'something would come of it.' He was comfortably off, and with her own little property, they could do very well. True, she was seven years older than he; but no one, she imagined, suspected that; he certainly was not aware of it, and she saw no reason why he should find it out, so long as she didn't tell him. If he made the discovery after they were engaged, it would not matter much. Oh, he was all right; and she would not frighten him away by objecting to his civilities to her little friend.

She finished her letter, and turned round in her chair to find Miss Carston still gazing with dreamy, far-away eyes over the sea. 'I don't think I need refer to Mr Brawn yet, Annie,' she said. 'If there should be papers to sign or legal things to be done, he might of course be of use.'

If the 'something to her advantage' proved to be really worth hearing, she promised herself that Mr Brawn should be told about it soon enough; but there was no necessity to tell Annie that.

'Here's Captain Mulbane coming,' said Annie, hastily withdrawing from the window.

'Go and let him in, like a good child; and say I told you to scold him for coming before lunch.'

Annie left the room, and returned with the visitor, a hale, burly specimen of the British sailor, as buoyant and jovial now when nearly fifty as he had been at twenty. The world's cares sat lightly on the shoulders of Captain William Mulbane, R.N., and he was the most popular man in Midport, where most of the inhabitants of all ranks and classes regarded him as guide, philosopher, friend, and oracle. He came in now with one hand on Miss Carston's shoulder, filling the room with his genial presence and deep bass voice.

'I've come to congratulate you, Miss Barkle,' said he, holding out his hand. The lady thanked him, and begged him to sit down with a languid air which betokened the exhausting effect of a state of expectancy.

'How did you hear of it?' said she with serious interest.

'Saw it in the *Standard*, of course,' said the captain with a laugh.

'Ah, yes. I had forgotten every one would know,' said Miss Barkle, upon whom it suddenly dawned that her own copy of the paper was not the only one extant.

'It's all over Midport by now,' continued her guest. 'I hardly met a soul who didn't know about it.' He might have added, 'And I told every one who hadn't heard,' but left that unsaid.

The gallant officer had been constant in his attentions to Miss Barkle for a long time, but had received little encouragement from the lady. He was old enough to be her father, she told her friends, and no doubt considered his mature age an appropriate safeguard in allowing the intimacy to exist. Captain Mulbane was quite as regular in his attendance at the cottage as Mr Brawn; and although the two men were the best of friends, they had not as yet confided their respective ambitions to each other.

Miss Barkle had to submit to a severe cross-examination in the captain's endeavour to obtain her own opinion upon what might be expected to transpire, for he made a point of knowing everything, and would not allow the usual respect shown for other people's private affairs to obstruct his investigations. However, his blunt openness went unrewarded in this instance, and he left the cottage no better informed than he came, and spent the afternoon discussing the subject in all its possible bearings with his numerous friends.

To Midport society, which had little to occupy its mind, the occurrence was as welcome as an angel's message, and Miss Barkle, on her appearance out of doors, enjoyed all the attentions usually accorded to a public character. She could not remember having excited so much interest since she first 'came out' at Brighton—now more years ago than she cared to think—and was acknowledged to be one of the reigning beauties. Miss Barkle, in the new situation in which she was placed, felt that satisfactory warmth of heart which we obtain by benefiting our fellow-creatures without injury to ourselves. She was conscious of being a real benefactress in affording her friends

such a subject to talk about; and when she re-entered her cottage, it was in a state of pleased perplexity as to which of the eight ladies to whom she had promised to impart the news (when it came) first, was best entitled to the privilege.

She had hardly seated herself at the tea-table when a ring at the door-bell disturbed the current of her thoughts, and Mr Brawn was ushered into the room. He was a pleasant-looking, dapper little man, and was at once cordially welcomed and taken into confidence by Miss Barkle. What did Mr Brawn think she ought to do about that advertisement? She had written to the people who had put it in the paper, but hadn't the least idea what to do next. She had been longing to see him all day, and now he had come to her at last, what did he think?

Mr Brawn put down his cup and cleared his throat, whilst Miss Barkle leaned towards him with that look of appealing trust which used to do such terrible execution upon the victim of fifteen years ago. She had drawn no distinction in her own mind between Mr Brawn the friend and Mr Brawn the solicitor, and the gentleman took a business-like view of the case, considering it had been presented to him in his professional capacity.

'It will probably be necessary for you in the first place to get certified extracts from the registers wherein your birth and baptism are recorded. The clergyman of the parish where you were born and baptised would of course furnish them if you send to him; or if you wish it, I'—

'O no; thank you,' the lady hastily struck in. 'I couldn't think of troubling you for such a trifle; and besides, Mr Brawn, I can't conceive why the lawyers should want to know these particulars.'

John Brawn the friend might have indulged in a smile at the anxiety of Miss Barkle's tone; but John Brawn the solicitor preserved a judicial stolidity of countenance as he dryly explained: 'If it should happen, for instance, Miss Barkle, that money has been left you, the documents might be required to prove your identity. That is all.'

'Oh, that was all.' And Miss Barkle, to whom this had not suggested itself, regretted having betrayed what came uppermost in her mind at the mention of such papers.

He did not seem to have noticed it, and she felt relieved. It would be very simple to write to old Mr Trafford, the rector of Pellingham, the village where she first saw the light, and obtain the needful certificates, without assistance from any one. It did not matter how much or how little those London solicitors knew about her, but she had a perfectly morbid dread of her age being discovered by the man, before her.

Mr Brawn did not display so much interest in the business as Miss Barkle had hoped and expected; he had given his advice in a plain straightforward way, without asking a single question. 'Just as if I had come to him and paid for it like anybody else,' she reflected with a pang of disappointment. Perhaps he thought she would not appreciate being questioned on a matter so purely personal; she would encourage him to share her expectations.

'It's a very curious thing altogether, Mr Brawn,' she said. 'You know I'm quite at a loss to think what it can be.'

'I daresay you will know all about it in a day or two,' he answered indifferently, whilst his attention wandered to the road outside.

'You know I haven't a relation in the world,' she continued pathetically, but without receiving any very comforting response. 'Really,' she said to herself, 'he might show a little more concern than this.' She was half sorry she had mentioned the matter to him at all, he seemed to take it so coolly—not more warmly, indeed, than if it had come before him in the ordinary course of his professional work.

That, in fact, was just the view Mr Brawn did take; and, as he confessed himself, he was not 'good at guessing.' He was, moreover, rather chagrined at not finding Miss Carston there as usual. That young lady, who engaged in ceaseless wordy skirmishes with her step-mother, spent most of her time in Miss Barkle's society, a practice which endowed the cottage with its only charm in John Brawn's eyes. He had other things to occupy him also this afternoon: his sister, who had just lost her husband, had signified her intention of coming down to join him at Midport as soon as she could get away. Of course he was ready to receive her; but some change would be necessary in his style of living, for the neighbours who had lodgings in the same house as himself were principally bachelors, addicted to nocturnal festivities, and musical entertainments more remarkable for vigorous execution than for talent. His rooms were, moreover, not suitable for the accommodation of a lady; and John Brawn was well aware that his sister, who had married a wealthy man, was somewhat exacting in her requirements. He would have to take a furnished house, and having little time to do it in, and no very clear ideas about those mysterious details which constitute a 'desirable residence,' felt that his own hands were for the time sufficiently full. He would have been glad to discuss the business with Miss Barkle, but he had found her too much absorbed in her own concerns; and if he could not feign an interest in them which he did not feel, he could at all events abstain from troubling her to-day with his difficulties.

Conversation flagged hopelessly; but Mr Brawn had no intention of leaving until the lateness of the hour compelled him to: he was particularly anxious to see Annie Carston that day to tell her of the change in his domestic arrangements, which he hoped might serve to bring them more easily together. He found little pleasure in seeing her at her step-mother's house; he was not a favourite with Mrs Carston, and mother and daughter appeared to direct their best energies towards making each other look foolish and uncomfortable, an exercise which usually culminated in their squabbling fiercely, to his considerable embarrassment.

Miss Carston, however, did not appear, and it was getting late when Brawn took up his hat to go. 'You will let me know if I can be of any use to you, Miss Barkle,' he said, as he shook hands. He felt bound to make the offer of his services, after she had asked his advice, and had not failed to see that his indifference was

displeasing to her. 'I have a good deal to do just now,' he added by way of apology, 'but am not too busy to give assistance to *you*, if you should want it.'

Miss Barkle's vexation melted away in a moment at his little speech, and the lingering memory of his listless unconcern faded as he laid stress upon 'you.' John Brawn had made his peace, if that were necessary, and so took his departure, wondering much why Annie Carston had not been to the cottage, when he had been careful to tell her the previous day that he intended calling there that afternoon.

About the time her admirer gave up expecting her, the young lady had concluded a final skirmish with her step-mother by declaring her resolve to leave the house for ever without an hour's delay. Life with Mrs Carston number two was beyond Miss Annie's powers of endurance, and being gifted with an enterprising spirit and some tenacity of purpose, she withdrew from the conflict under a heavy fire of scolding taunts, and made preparations to go with imperturbable coolness. She knew Miss Barkle would take her in if she went to her; and was further perfectly aware that John Brawn was only waiting for a suitable opportunity to make her a definite offer of marriage, so she felt tolerably easy as to the future. She did not, however, know the light in which that gentleman was regarded by Miss Barkle, or she might have done otherwise than form the intention of at once explaining to that lady her own relations towards him. So it happened that an hour after John Brawn had left the cottage, Miss Annie arrived with a quantity of baggage that promised a lengthened stay. Miss Barkle received her with open arms, and professed her willingness to give the young lady a home as long as she was likely to want one. But Miss Annie was spared the explanation she intended to make by Miss Barkle suddenly saying: 'Mr Brawn was here this afternoon, Annie. He was awfully nice, and offered to help me if it becomes necessary to have legal assistance.'

'I knew he would,' replied Annie Carston with a confidence that betrayed her knowledge of him.

'I was quite certain of it myself,' said Miss Barkle modestly; 'but you know I was a little afraid he might misunderstand me.'

'How could he misunderstand you?'

'He has been so much about the house lately, you know, Annie, and—and—well, you know how the people here talk.'

Miss Barkle raised a fire-screen and examined the pattern closely, to conceal the rising blushes; whilst her friend stared in blank astonishment. This was a revelation she had certainly never expected; but was it possible to suppose that Miss Barkle really believed John Brawn, her own Jack, had been dancing attendance at the cottage all this time drawn thither by her allurements? Manifestly, she did; and Miss Annie saw that if she meant to carry out her scheme of taxing that hospitable woman for shelter, it would never do to disabuse her of the idea; but it was scarcely fair and above-board to leave her in the dark. It was awkward, Annie felt, decidedly awkward, and had she only known it a few hours before, she would have put up with Mrs Carston's bitter tongue and irritating vagaries in preference to coming to her best friend under such false colours.

John Brawn had not actually proposed to her yet; but they fully understood each other, and she waited curiously until Miss Barkle should speak again.

'He's a good fellow, Annie,' said she warmly, from behind the fire-screen.

Miss Carston cordially agreed with this opinion, and felt that she must know all, if she died for it. 'When did he say? Did he speak to you, Lina?' she asked.

'He hasn't said anything really yet,' confessed the blushing Selina; 'but I'm sure he will before long.'

Miss Carston was hardly disposed to encourage the theory, and was relieved to find Miss Barkle had no stronger ground for her hopes than her own convictions. If that was all, she might fairly leave her to discover her mistake, and she bade her friend good-night with a smile of reassurance.

Miss Barkle also retired smiling. Hers was a sanguine nature; and that advertisement and the kindly pressure of John Brawn's hand as he left her were the foundations of a delightful castle in the air, which in her dreams contained a Mr and Mrs Brawn, whose income was a mysteriously acquired twenty thousand a year.

'NOT WANTED AT HOME.'

IN the following remarks, I wish to offer a few words of caution to the friends of those who are 'not wanted at home,' against sending them away to inflict them upon total strangers in any part of the world, but more particularly upon the inhabitants of the Great North-west of the United States of America, in which part I have for some years been a resident. In a majority of instances it is a great and fatal mistake. *Experts crede.* It is a step which should only be resorted to when it is intended to abandon the unhappy ones to their fate. Is it at all likely, when a youth has become so demoralised and debased, and has trodden the downward path at home so far, that all its influences for good—his mother's and sisters' tears—are spurned and of no avail, that he is going to regain his self-respect amongst 'strangers who know not him, nor his?' From my own experience and that of many others, I answer, 'No! a thousand times no!'

Few boys are by nature vicious—though there are of course cases of inherited diseases—but when a youth finds himself banished from home, from all that he ever cared for, from all that he is ever likely to care for, after the sting of the separation and banishment is over, he from that moment becomes callous, indifferent, hardened. What does he care for anybody any more, and who cares for him—whether he is sick or suffering or well—whether he prospers, or otherwise? Is it a matter of wonder if he goes from bad to worse? It is almost past belief how low down even those trained in circles of refinement and culture can get. They are restrained by nothing; and they meet with all the encouragement they want in their downward career. Finding themselves strangers in a strange land, they are lonely and home-sick; and as they are glad to associate with anybody, they are not

particular in their choice of companions, if indeed any choice be laid before them. It is most likely that those who first come to relieve their downheartedness are some who like themselves have seen happier days, but have fallen very low, and who too often take pleasure in drawing new-comers down to their own low level. This is especially the case if the new-comer—or greenhorn as he is called—have money; but if he has none, or when he has spent all he had, he may die in a ditch for all that any one cares. His newly-made friends have no further use for him; and respectable people here are just as glad to be rid of his presence as were the respectable people who sent him away from them.

It is not right or fair, in any sense, for people to foist their disreputable relations upon others. In many instances the fault lies largely at their own doors. Then what right have they to inflict this incubus upon others? Whether the fault be theirs or not, surely total strangers can be in no way to blame. The United States have for years past been generally chosen as the cesspool for European filth in the shape of hopeless inebriates, paupers, blacklegs, swindlers, &c., in short for all and every class which were 'not wanted at home.' The citizens have, however, become alive to this fact, and now resent the advent of such into their midst. There are just as respectable people out here, who have sons and daughters to bring up and families to regulate, as in Europe, though by many over there this fact would appear to be unknown, or at least overlooked. All good citizens in America are anxious to bring up their children in industry and respectability; and it is a well-known characteristic of the United States—and this, at the present time, applies from Maine to Florida, from New York to San Francisco—that everybody works and works hard, unless incapacitated by infirmity, from the highest to the poorest. To work is honourable here; to be idle is a disgrace. What, then, can such a people have here for the idle and worthless 'cast-offs' who are 'not wanted at home?' At the same time, be it clearly understood that the United States of America and her citizens receive and welcome with open arms all such as are steady and able and willing to work. For these, and these only, are the people to develop and build up a new country, and to such men-immigrants all possible inducements are most frankly and liberally offered.

For a long time, little or no complaint was heard respecting indiscriminate importation of persons of all classes or conditions; and no inquiry was made as to the previous history or antecedents of any immigrants, or at least practically none. But that state of things has in a great measure passed away; and such general dissatisfaction has prevailed as to cause the enactment of laws to prohibit the wholesale importation of disabled paupers, convicts, *et hoc genus omne*. This is a free country; but I warn each and every one of the class 'not wanted at home,' that they are not wanted here either; that unless they can behave themselves when they do come here, it is not a good place to come to, and that they had better stay where they are.

Apart from all this, I should like to ask the parents, guardians, or friends of those who are so

unhappily situated as to be 'not wanted at home,' a few questions. Does it mend matters, or add to your respectability, to have simply cast the wayward one out of your sight? Is your peace of mind greater because you do not see him every day? Does it add to your respectability at home, if he is lying drunk in the gutter, or in the lock-up, or working out a sentence on the stone-heap in the public streets of some town, with a chain round his leg and a ball attached thereto, like a poor slave, because all this happens in a foreign country and away from home? Did your Christmas dinner taste the better, or did some family gathering pass off more pleasantly, because the absent one was perhaps nearly frozen and hungry and shivering in the streets with the bitter cold of a North-western winter, and the—if possible—colder indifference of the passers-by; or perhaps was sweltering under the scorching sun of the treeless, shadeless prairies; or—worse by far than either—was listening to, and it is more than likely taking part in, ribald songs and unseemly jokes and stories at some drunken debauch?

In fine, I ask, does the fact of his being out of your sight and away from his home, make you forget that he is in the sight of and before strangers, who have no sorrow, no pity for him, only contempt and disgust? Does all this make matters any better? I, for one, cannot think so. If he was bad and vicious near you, depend upon it he is ten times worse far away. At least, such is my experience during some years, during which I have witnessed not a few, but, alas, very many instances of the truth of what I say. Leave no stone unturned, leave no remedy untried, before this last, and generally disastrous step of casting any wayward one out of your sight is taken. It is only in rare and very isolated cases, indeed, that any benefit comes of it. If you have no control over him, you can neither expect strangers to have it, nor to trouble themselves about him. Even were they to do so, their influence can never be like that of home and of the dear friends there. Adversity and hardship are good schools; but they may also be too severe. Fire purifies metal; but if the ore be left in it too long, or if the fire be too hot, it is apt to spoil and make it valueless. At all events, as I have said, the Great North-west is not for worthless or idle men or boys, and its people do not care to see them.

IN A TURKISH CITY.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

THE pelting rains which afflict the country all the winter are over for the season; the sun is making all the plants grow with marvellous rapidity, though it is not yet strong enough to scorch the young shoots; therefore, it is a fitting day to call on an acquaintance whose hobby is flower-growing. He is a sailor, and perhaps that is why, when he does get ashore, he makes his little garden as trim and tidy as the deck of a ship, and will not let a square inch of ground go unused. Scodra is twenty miles from the sea, and the Boiana is too shallow to be navigable; but for all that, we have the headquarters

of a portion of the Turkish navy in our midst. Whenever there is a war between Montenegro and Turkey, Lake Scodra is the scene of many a naval battle unrecorded in the pages of history; and accordingly, when the late war broke out, an imposing fleet of threepenny steamboats and a launch was somehow or other coaxed over the rapids and shallows of the Boiana when the river was swollen with the autumn rains. No doubt these vessels did some service; but the commodore is not a talkative man, and prefers his flowers to his ships. To-day, I mean to see the flowers; so, early in the afternoon, an English friend and myself start for the commodore's house, after previously making sure that he is at home and ready to receive us. Achmet is engaged about the house, and so we take my friend's servant to precede us through the streets. '*Casa di vaporji*' (the steamboat man's house) is the direction given him in the curious polyglot language that prevails in this part of the world, and drives to distraction tourists, who travel with every question you can possibly ask in seven different tongues in seven parallel columns.

This man deserves a line or two to himself, as in his way he is the type of the lower-class Christian of the town. As he stalks proudly in front of us, with a couple of brass-handled pistols stuck in his belt, he is a very stately and warlike-looking person; but a few weeks ago he was an altogether different object. In his childhood he played about the narrow streets of the Christian quarter, dressed in a thin cotton shirt in summer, and wrapped in a bit of blanket in winter, and most probably learned to smoke when he was about seven years old. As he grew up, he spent his days hanging about the courtyard of some merchant or rich man, turning his hand to all sorts of odd jobs, when he could not get his piece of maize-bread without exertion, and at night sleeping under the lee of a wall or in an outhouse. In spite of having no visible means of subsistence, he always had some tobacco to twist into a cigarette; and possessed a rusty old flint-lock pistol for use on grand occasions. When the war began, and there was consequently a relaxation of authority, he and some kindred spirits took to foraging expeditions on their own account, and coming into collision with the *saptiehs*, got thrown into prison. When a man gets into prison in Turkey, he generally stays there, unless he has a great deal of money or luck, and Giorgio proved no exception to the rule. In his case, luck opened the doors of his prison after he had had a pretty lengthy experience of durance vile.

His old mother, who led the same sort of hand-to-mouth existence as himself, was fortunate enough to get the rough washing and cleaning-up to do at one of the European consulates; and after some months, summoned courage to petition the consul's wife to beg the consul to ask the pasha to let her son out of prison. The consul being good-natured, promised to look into the matter; and learning that Giorgio had committed no crime, but had been incarcerated chiefly on suspicion, one day put the case before the Vali, with the result that the pasha, who was of course utterly ignorant of the whole affair, immediately set Master Giorgio free.

When he came out, he was a lank, lean, and

hungry-looking object, clothed simply in a shirt and trousers of the thinnest cotton, and with a felt skullcap on his head. For some weeks he almost regretted his liberty, and was inclined to repent of his mother's influence with those in power; but at last luck befriended him again, and he was engaged as servant by an English traveller. He at once discarded the old shirt and trousers, and assumed the mountaineer dress of white felt embroidered with black silk, in which we now see him. He no longer slinks about like a famished wolf, but, proud of being in the service of a Frank, and certain that a good supper awaits him after *Aksham*, he precedes us with head erect and all the stately swagger of his race.

But by this time we have arrived at the commodore's. A stream separates the road from his garden wall; and crossing the single rough plank that serves as a bridge, Giorgio knocks loudly at the great gates. Presently a voice within inquires who we are, and on Giorgio replying proudly, '*Ingliz milordo*,' the gates are thrown open, and we enter. The commodore, or *vaporji*, as Giorgio calls him, rises at our entry from the garden couch upon which he has been watching the watering of his beloved flowers. We sit down, one on each side of our host. A sailor instantly provides us with cigarettes and brass ashtrays, and then, with his hand on his heart, proffers us a red-hot coal in a little pair of tongs, instead of matches. We have interchanged compliments, and now sit silently inhaling the fragrant tobacco, and looking at the four sailors who are watering the flowers under our host's directions. The garden is a tiny square patch of ground wedged in between the high white walls of the neighbouring houses, and with the commodore's little cottage opening into it. The entire available space is cut up into beds by straight paths about eighteen inches wide, which are scrupulously weeded and laid down with powdered shells. Every bed has its flowers planted in mathematical straight lines; and it is easy to see that tulips are the commodore's favourites; but no one plant is allowed to take up more room than another; and the whole place, trim and neat, with every square inch of available soil put to its fullest use, shows incontestably that the sailor's tidiness does not forsake him when on shore.

The cottage is full of sailors, for the commodore naturally does not mean to go to the expense of keeping a servant when he has all the men of the fleet on Lake Scodra under his command. Another blue-jacket brings us coffee; and then we follow our host in Indian file along the narrow white paths, to inspect the beauties of nature more closely. The commodore is a stout man, in a baggy uniform, that fits him like a sack; and as he winds along the tiny paths, he reminds one irresistibly of a tight-rope dancer. However, he steers his way with marvellous skill, never kicking a single shell on to the flower-beds, and explaining to us as he goes that the garden will look much better in another week, showing us where some of his choicest specimens have been planted, but have not yet shown above ground, and pointing out the buds that he concealed among the green shoots of others that have come up—and all with the simplicity of a child, and with the grave interest that only a real lover of

flowers who is also a Turk or a Dutchman can exhibit.

After the inspection of the garden, we resume our seats, and more coffee is brought to us. The conversation now turns upon naval matters, upon which the commodore is quite willing to enter, but hardly with the quiet enthusiasm with which he discourses on his flowers. Our host tells us that before coming to North Albania, he was in command of a gunboat on the Danube during the Russo-Turkish war. We cannot discover that he did anything in particular or fought any actions with the Russians; but as he seems to have kept his boat out of harm's way, and not to have wantonly exposed any of the sultan's men or ships, he was doubtless marked out for promotion. The flotilla on the lake consisted originally of three boats; but one is somewhere at the bottom of the Boiana; and so the two survivors are judiciously kept in the lake, in case they should also come to grief if they again attempted to pass the shallows and rapids of the river. The commodore asks us if we should like to go over the fleet, and we accept with pleasure; so, after the final directions have been given to the four gardening sailors, we set off in procession for the bazaar and the outlet of the river Boiana. Giorgio goes first, perhaps with a prouder air than usual; next comes the commodore, sandwiched between our two selves; while the rear is brought up by two sailors. In this order, and at a grave and solemn pace, we proceed through the streets, past the great burial-ground where Ali Haidaar Pasha lies buried; and turning aside by the well without entering the bazaar, cross the fields to a spot known as the Twelve Trees. There are only four trees left now to stretch their tall branches towards the cloudless sky, and a melancholy story attaches to them. Standing alone on the bank of the river, they have always been a mark for the thunderstorms which are such constant visitors to Scodra, and gradually their number has been reduced. Only a few years ago, a shepherd and his sheep crouching under their shelter from the pelting storm, were struck by lightning, and all killed; and the scarred trunk of one of the trees still standing serves as a grim reminder that next autumn another may fall victim to the lightning-flash.

A great deal of shouting from the two sailors who accompany us brings a man-of-war's boat from the other side to carry us across to the steamers. We enter the boat, Giorgio and the two sailors remaining on shore. The commodore takes the tiller, and the lithe little crew from the Black Sea coast take us rapidly towards the lake; and it is as well they do so, for before we have gone very far, we discover that the water is unpleasantly high in the bottom of the boat. The commodore explains that this is one of two new boats lately sent from Constantinople, and that they were left some time on the shore at the mouth of the Boiana before being brought up the river, and consequently some of the seams have started. He trusts resignedly that they will close when the boat has been in the water a little while, and meantime counsels us to put our feet up on the thwart in front of us. The brown little sailors are dressed much as sailors usually are, except that they wear the fez, which

has become almost the only distinguishing part of an Ottoman Turk's dress; for their loose trousers, and shirt with full wide collar of dark-blue cotton, might be worn by the mariners of any power. In a few minutes' time we bump against the side of the flagship, and mount the broad and commodious ladder which hangs over the side. Both the commodore and his second in command are stout and dignified, and have no intention of scrambling up the side even of a penny steamer in any but the very easiest fashion.

The captain having seen us on the shore, has made preparations in our honour by girding on his sword and hastily buttoning up the front of his uniform all awry. He salams courteously; and the bright blades of four sailors drawn up in line flash in the sunshine as they salute the commodore and ourselves. Instantly four rush-bottomed chairs are thrust up the hatchway by an unseen hand, and we take our seats in a circle, while cigarettes and coffee are handed round—a ceremony which it would be a most terrible breach of etiquette to omit. This done, we stroll round the ship, a duty very quickly finished. The vessel carries two guns, one a little brass popgun in the bows, used for firing salutes; and the other a long Krupp gun in the stern, which would in all probability shake the old tub to pieces if it were fired. In the cabin below, a dozen Martini-Peabody rifles, and as many cutlasses, all well kept and brightly polished, are arranged in a stand, and constitute the armament of the ship's company.

As for the vessels themselves, they were built at Glasgow about the commencement of the Crimean war, and after doing good service on the Clyde, were bought by the Turkish government, and transferred to the Bosphorus. There they ran to and fro for some fifteen years, and then the Porte conceived the brilliant idea of turning them into men-of-war, and sending them into Lake Scodra to aid in the campaign against Montenegro. On the wheel are recorded the builder's name and the date. Poor old boats; they still do the journey backwards and forwards across the lake, especially when any distinguished personage wishes to go from Scodra to Montenegro; and after the signature of the Virbazar Convention, they transported several families of ragged refugees into the already poverty-harassed city of Scodra.

The commodore evidently takes a sort of pride in his command, although he admits that he can get no great speed out of his ships. Pressed on this point, he confesses that he does not know their rate of speed, but that it takes several hours to steam to Lissendra, at the far end of the lake. 'No, there is no coal; that is a great drawback. Sometimes a ship brings coal, and leaves some at Medua for the squadron; but there has been none for some time past. They burn wood; and when they cross the lake, the whole deck is cumbered with firewood, so that at first there is hardly room to move; but the furnaces burn such a quantity that the pile is soon diminished.'

The captain tells us with considerable satisfaction that he can speak English; but as he makes this avowal in Turkish, we are naturally rather sceptical on the point, until it slowly

dawns upon us that the queer sounds with which he follows up his assertion are English words of command—'Easer, stopper, bakker, turnerastern, goad.' The captain reels off the phrases in a low voice, without pause or inflection, and looking very like a sheepish schoolboy repeating a French lesson. He also gives us the English names for parts of the engines and gear; for the Turks, like most eastern races, have adopted the English terms for machinery and the like, the Turkish language even boasting such a verb as 'Trnrstrn-etunk,' which means, 'to turn her astern.'

But the sun is drawing near Mount Rumia; and if we wish to be home before *Aksham*, we must leave at once; so, as the commodore expresses his intention of remaining on board for some time longer, we take leave of him and the captain, and once more trust ourselves to the leaky boat. On shore, Giorgio receives us, evidently rather bored by his long wait; and after giving a present to the boat's crew, we join the crowd of merchants going home from the bazaar, and reach the house just as the muezzin is mounting the rickety wooden minaret of the mosque near my door and preparing to summon the Faithful to the evening prayer.

A NOVEL ASCENT.

SOME little time since, under the title of 'A Subaqueous Excursion,' we embodied our impressions on visiting the caissons of the Forth Bridge at Queensferry, and portrayed the scenes enacted in the air-chambers, where, some ninety feet below water-level, the foundations of the huge structure were being excavated. All this is now changed; the busy workers no longer ply pick and shovel deep down beneath the water; but high up in mid-air above the 'gallant Forth' are rearing the steel superstructure of the giant cantilevers. The main steel piers are now erected to their full height, and their ascent forms an expedition so novel and unique, that we have endeavoured to briefly depict our experiences in gaining the summit.

Leaving the classic *Howes Inn*, immortalised in the *Antiquary*, and which at one time or another has sheltered many historic personages on their way across the Forth, a steam-launch conveys us to Inchgarvie, the island in mid-channel. We pause on landing, and look upwards at the mighty towering structure. The Forth Bridge stands three hundred and sixty feet above water-level, below which its foundations at their greatest depth extend some ninety feet—giving an overall measurement of about four hundred and fifty feet—a height but little exceeded by the Great Pyramid of Egypt, which reaches four hundred and sixty feet, or by Cologne Cathedral and Old St Paul's, standing respectively five hundred and ten and five hundred and eight feet above ground-level.

The 'cage' which we now enter will accommodate about a dozen men. It is strongly constructed of steel, and differs but little from those similarly employed in coal-mines. The bar across the entrance is closed; a signal is given to the man in charge of the winding-engine, and we are off. Visits to collieries have been so frequently described, that the sensations generally experi-

enced are tolerably familiar, at least on paper, even to those who have never personally ventured on that somewhat trying novelty. But here all is reversed. The same cage is attached to a wire-rope, wound by a similar hauling-engine; but darkness gives place to light, and the dread feeling of sinking into the bowels of the earth never to return yields to a sensation of easy and luxurious elevation and airy ascension, as we rise higher and higher through complex masses of bracing and strutting, till we land on the platform at the summit, and jumping from the cage, experience a pleasing sense of exhilaration in the fresh breezes, the vast expanse of country open to our gaze, and the thought that we have beneath us the largest railway bridge in the world.

A glance over the edge reveals to us the very great height at which we stand. Far below in the giddy depth we see men, reduced to the size of pigmies, hurrying about; whilst the guard-ship is dwarfed into a toy-boat. The view is one never to be forgotten. It is a clear day, and one by one we see the islands of the Forth reposing on its placid surface, and mark the grand outline of the western hills, fading away into the blue distance. Arthur's Seat stands sharply marked against the glowing skies, and the smoky canopy of Auld Reekie fringes the glories of the beautiful grounds of Dalmeny. Turning northwards, Inverkeithing and 'Dunfermline gray' lie almost at our feet, and the Ochil Hills flank a scene seldom if ever surpassed.

We turn from the beauties of nature to the gigantic cantilevers beneath our feet, and mark the busy workers at their toil. No light task that, to labour hour after hour betwixt heaven and earth, summer and winter. All honour to British pluck and determination, to the minds that direct, and the hands that execute such an undertaking!

THE POET'S WORLD.*

He lives within a world which he has made
But for himself from out all things most fair,
Where perfect light dies into perfect shade
'Neath endless summer air.

There is not any winter in that land,
Nor spring-time born to fade and die too soon;
But every breeze by which his cheek is fanned
Breathes a perpetual June.

He crowns himself with royal crown of bay,
And laughing, bids the flowers to laugh with him;
Then wanders forth, all happy, till the day
Dies, and the eve grows dim.

He is a Child! O let him have his will,
And dream his dreams, and use his every breath
In song and rhyme and innocent mirth, until
His voice is hushed in death!

J. S. FLETCHER.

* Suggested by the peculiarity of one 'Daft Jemie,' who innocently imagined himself to be a great poet.

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